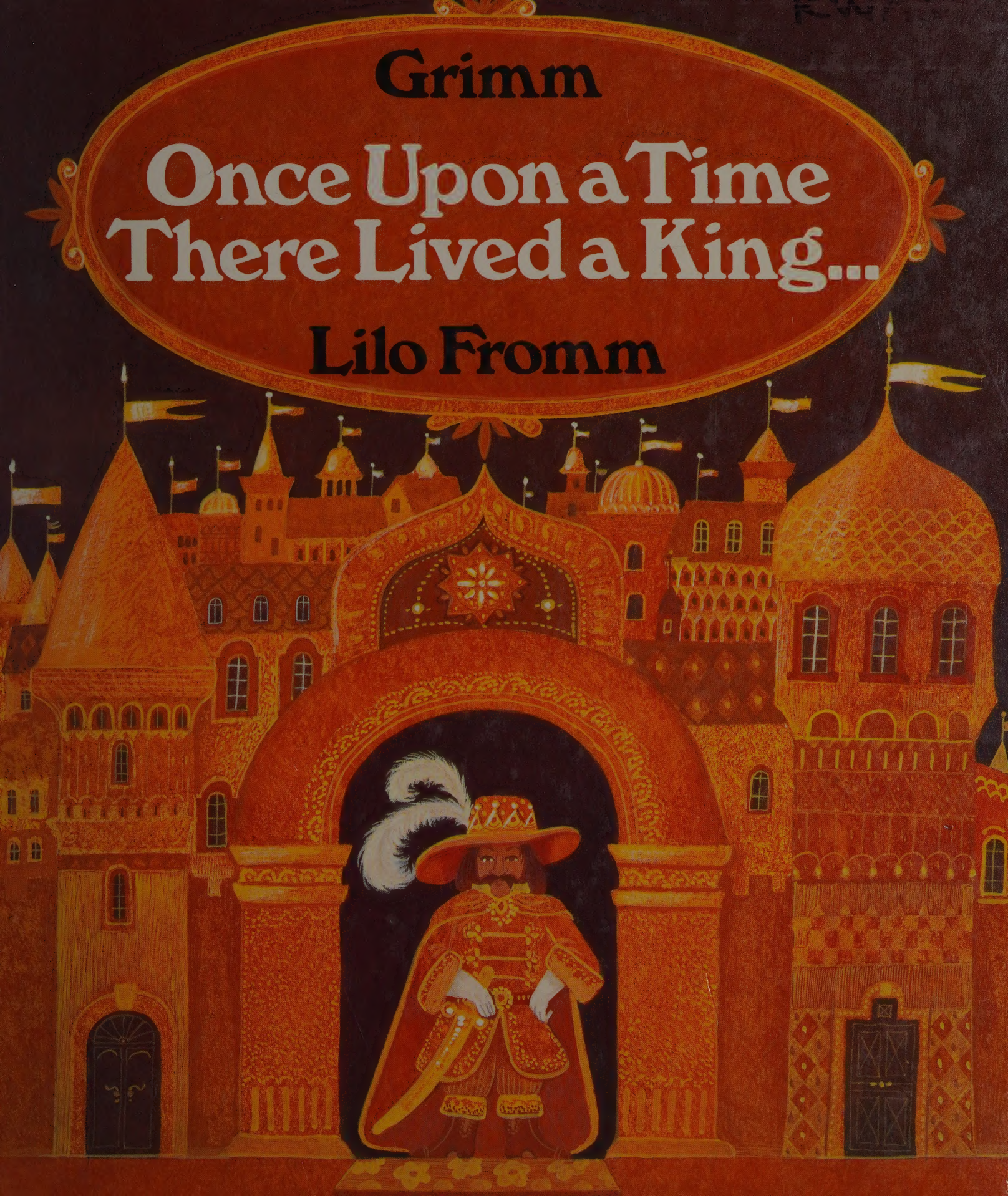
Grimm

Once Upon a Time There Lived a King...

Lilo Fromm



For Doug on his 8th birthday
From Mom + Dad
October 21, 1989

Once Upon a Time There Lived a King...

Once Upon a Time There Lived a King...

Three Fairytales by the Brothers Grimm

Iron Hans, Six Companions Find Their Fortunes
and
The Blue Lamp

Illustrated by Lilo Fromm

J.M. Dent & Sons Limited
London & Melbourne

First published in Great Britain in this edition 1985
First published in Germany under the title *Es War Einmal Ein König*
© 1985 Verlag Heinrich Ellermann, Munich
English text *Iron Hans* © J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd 1985
English text *Six Companions Find Their Fortunes*
(translation by Katya Sheppard) © Macdonald & Co Ltd 1969
English text *The Blue Lamp* © Macdonald & Co Ltd 1976
All rights reserved
Printed in Germany for
J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd
Aldine House, 33 Welbeck Street
London W1M 8LX

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Grimm, Jacob
Once upon a time there lived a king — : three
fairytales.
1. Tales — Germany
I. Title II. Grimm, Wilhelm III. Fromm, Lilo
398.2'1'0943 PZ8.1

ISBN 0-460-06192-5



Iron Hans

Once upon a time there lived a king whose palace was not far from a huge forest. The forest was full of wild animals, and one day the king asked a huntsman to shoot a roe deer for him. But the huntsman never returned. "He must have had an accident," the king said. So the following morning he sent two other huntsmen to find the missing man, but they also failed to return. On the third day he sent for his remaining huntsmen and asked them to search the entire forest until they found the three missing men. But not one of these, or their hounds, ever came back.

From then on everyone lived in terror of the forest and no one would go near it. The forest lay deserted and silent for many years, the occasional hawk or eagle flying over it the only signs of life.

This had gone on a very long time when an unknown huntsman presented himself to the king saying he was looking for work, and would be willing to enter the dangerous forest. But the king would not agree. "The forest is haunted," the king replied. "I am afraid you would do no better than the others, and would never return." "Sire," replied the huntsman, "I shall go entirely at my own risk. I am not the least afraid."



Together with his dog, the huntsman set off into the forest. Almost immediately the dog picked up the scent of an animal and was soon in hot pursuit. But the two had gone only a short distance when a deep pool blocked their path. Suddenly a naked arm rose from the water, grabbed the dog and pulled it under. Alarmed by what had happened, the huntsman hastily returned to the palace to fetch three men with buckets to empty the water from the pool. There, at the bottom of the pool, lay a wild man, his body as brown as rusty iron, his hair so long it hung down to his knees. Binding him tightly with ropes, the wild man was carried back to the castle where everyone was astonished by his appearance.

The king ordered the wild man to be imprisoned in an iron cage in the castle courtyard, and forbade anyone to free him on pain of death. The key of the cage was entrusted to the queen.

From that day on the forest was a safe place to visit once again.



The king's eight-year-old son was playing in the courtyard one day when he accidentally threw his gold ball into the wild man's cage. "Give me back my ball," he cried. "Only if you open the door for me," replied the wild man. "I can't," answered the little prince. "The king has forbidden it." And off he ran.

But the following day the boy went back to the cage and asked once more for his ball. "Open my door first," the wild man said. But the prince would not do so. On the third day the king went out hunting. Again the boy returned to the cage. "Even should I wish to open your door I cannot because I do not have the key," he said. "The key is under your mother's pillow," answered the wild man. "You can easily find it."

The prince badly wanted to have his gold ball back, and, throwing all caution to the winds, agreed to fetch the key. The door of the cage was difficult to open, and in doing so the boy pinched his fingers. As soon as the wild man came out, he gave the child his ball and hurried off. The prince, suddenly terrified by what he had done, started howling loudly. "Oh, wild man, wild man, don't go or I'll be beaten by my father!"



Turning back, the wild man picked up the boy, swung him on to his shoulders, and strode swiftly off to the forest. As soon as the king returned he saw the cage was empty and demanded to know what had happened. The queen knew nothing, but when she looked for the key she found it had gone. She called loudly for her son but there was no answer. The king then sent men out to search for the boy, but in vain. Realizing what must have happened, the king, the queen and the entire royal household went into mourning.

When the wild man reached the dark forest, he lifted the boy down, and said, "You will never again see your mother and father, but I'll look after you because you freed me, and I feel sorry for you. I own immense riches – more than anyone else in the world. You will be all right if you do exactly as I tell you." That night he made a bed of moss for the boy to sleep on. Next morning the wild man took the boy to a well, filled with pure spring water. "Look, this water is as clear as crystal," he said. "I want you to sit beside it and make sure that absolutely nothing falls into it, otherwise the well will be defiled. Every evening I shall visit you to see that you have obeyed my order."



So the child sat down beside the well, taking great care not to let anything fall in. Occasionally he saw golden fish and golden snakes swimming in the water. But once, as he sat there, his finger started hurting and, without thinking, he dipped it in the water. Although he quickly pulled it out he saw that it had turned to gold. As hard as he tried, he could not wipe the gold off. When the wild man (whose name was Iron Hans) visited him that evening, he looked at the boy and asked him what had happened to the well. "Nothing. Nothing at all," the boy replied, trying to hide his finger from Iron Hans. But the wild man said, "I see you've dipped a finger in the water. This time I'll forgive you, but you must not let it happen again."

At dawn the following day the boy took up his place beside the well and started his watch. His finger started to hurt again, and he ran his fingers through his hair. As luck would have it, one hair fell into the water. Quickly he pulled it out but it had already turned to gold. As soon as Iron Hans arrived he knew what had happened. "You have let a hair fall in the well," he said. "I will give you one more chance, but if this happens a third time the well will be defiled, and you will not be able to remain with me any longer."



On the third day the boy sat by the well, and even though his finger still hurt him, he did not move it. But time passed very slowly, and in order to do something he leaned over the well and looked at his face reflected in the water. Wanting to see his eyes reflected, he bent down even lower. Suddenly his long hair fell over his shoulders and into the water. Raising his head he saw that all the hair on his head had turned to gold and shone as brightly as the sun. Terrified, the boy tied his hankerchief over his head, hoping that Iron Hans would not notice his golden hair. But the moment the wild man arrived he knew what had happened, and said, "Take that handkerchief off your head." Immediately the boy's golden hair tumbled over his shoulders, and there was nothing he could say to excuse himself. "You can't stay here any longer," said Iron Hans. "You have failed the test. Go out into the world and learn what it is to be poor. But you have a good heart, and I wish you well, so I'll grant you one thing. If ever you're in difficulty, you have only to come to the forest and cry, 'Iron Hans!' and I will help you. I have immense power, far more than you might think, as well as great stores of gold and silver."



The prince left the forest and walked a long way until at last he reached a great city. Having never been trained to do a job, he found no one who would employ him. Eventually he made his way to the royal palace to see if he could earn his keep at court. The courtiers liked the boy and told him he could stay, although no one could suggest any work he might do. Finally the cook gave him the job of carrying wood and water, and raking the ashes. On one occasion when nobody else was available, the cook told him to carry food to the royal table. As he did not want anyone to see his golden hair he kept his hat on. The king was surprised by such lack of manners and said, "When you come to the royal table you must take your hat off." "But Sire," replied the boy, "I can't do that. I have a bad sore on my head which I do not wish to show." The king then summoned the cook and rebuked him for employing such a boy, and ordered him to be dismissed. But the cook felt sorry for the boy, and exchanged him for the gardener's lad.



So now the boy had to plant and water flowers, and to hoe and dig in good weather and in bad.

One summer day, when the boy was working on his own in the garden, the heat was overpowering and he took off his hat to cool his head. The sun glittered and sparkled so brightly on his hair that the princess noticed it from her bedroom window. "Boy," she called out, "go and pick me some flowers!" Quickly he put his hat on his head, and picked a bunch of wild meadow flowers. Tying a string around their stems he set off for the princess's chamber. On his way upstairs he passed the gardener, who said, "How can you take the king's daughter a bunch of such ordinary flowers? You should have chosen the rarest and most beautiful ones." "Oh, no," answered the boy, "the wild flowers smell far sweeter, and will please her more, I'm sure." When he entered the princess's room, she said to him, "Take off your hat. It's not polite to keep it on in my presence." "I can't," he explained. "I have a horrid sore on my head." But the princess snatched off his hat revealing the boy's beautiful golden hair which fell over his shoulders. He tried to run away, but the princess grabbed his arm, and insisted he take a handful of gold ducats with him. The boy took the gold, but as he didn't want any money, he gave the ducats to the gardener for his children to play with.

The following day the princess called him again and asked him to bring her another bunch of wild flowers. When he took them to her she once more snatched at his hat, but he managed to hold it on with both hands. Again she handed him several ducats, but he refused to keep them, and gave them to the gardener's children to play with. The third day the same thing happened: she could not take his hat off, and he would not accept her gold ducats.



Not long afterwards, the country was overrun by war. The king summoned his army together, not knowing whether he would be able to defeat his powerful enemy whose army was so much stronger than his own. "I am grown up now," said the gardener's boy. "Only give me a horse and I will also go to war." The soldiers laughed. "Go and take one when we've left. We'll leave a horse behind in the stable." As soon as the others had gone, the boy went to the stable and found there was indeed one horse there. It was lame in one leg, and could only hobble along, but the boy mounted and rode off to the dark forest. Three times he shouted loudly, "Iron Hans!" Immediately the wild man appeared and asked what the boy wanted. "I need a strong horse, for I am riding off to war." "You shall certainly have not only that but even more," promised Iron Hans.



The wild man returned to the forest, and before long a groom came out, leading a powerful, snorting charger. Behind followed a squadron of soldiers with swords flashing, whose breast plates and helmets were made entirely of iron. The prince handed over his hobbling nag to the groom, mounted his magnificent new horse, and rode off at the head of his troops. By the time he had reached the battlefield, most of the king's army had already fallen. Galloping this way and that the youth and his iron-clad soldiers fell on the enemy like a hurricane, and fought so hard that soon not one of the enemy was left alive. Then, instead of returning to the king, the prince led his soldiers back to the forest. There he called for Iron Hans. "What do you want?" asked the wild man. "Take back your charger and your soldiers and let me have my three-legged nag once more," replied the youth. This was quickly done, and he was soon on his way on his hobbling horse.

When the king returned to his palace, his daughter rushed out to welcome him, and to congratulate her father on his great victory. "The victory was due entirely to an unknown knight who came unexpectedly to my aid with his troops," the king replied. The princess asked who the brave knight was, but no one knew. "The last I saw of him he was pursuing the enemy," said the king.

The princess then asked the gardener where his boy was, but he laughed and said, "He has just come back on his three-legged nag, and the other soldiers have been mocking him. They asked him under which hedge he'd been sleeping, and the boy replied, 'I did very well, and but for me it would all have been a disaster!' And the others laughed harder than ever."



The king said to his daughter, "I shall proclaim a great festival to celebrate our victory, and you will throw a golden apple three times. Perhaps the unknown knight will take part." When the youth heard a festival was to be held he went back to the forest and called on Iron Hans. "What do you want?" asked the wild man. "I wish to be the one to catch the princess's golden apple," the youth replied. "It is as good as done," said Iron Hans, "and on the day you'll have a suit of red armour and a spirited chestnut horse to ride on." When the great day came, the youth galloped into the courtyard and took his place among the other knights. No one recognized him. Then the princess stepped forward and threw a golden apple into the air. The unknown knight caught it, but as soon as he had done so he galloped away.

On the second day of the celebrations, Iron Hans equipped him with a white suit of armour and a white horse. Again he was the only knight who succeeded in catching the golden apple, and once more he did not linger a second, but galloped away with it. The king was angry, and said, "That is not allowed. He must appear before me and state his name!" He gave orders that should the knight who caught the apple gallop off again his soldiers should pursue him and strike him down if he would not return willingly.

On the third day Iron Hans gave the youth black armour and a black horse, and once again he caught the apple thrown by the princess. But as he started to ride off with it, the king's men pursued him, and one wounded him in the leg with the tip of his sword. He managed to escape, however, though his horse reared so violently that his helmet fell off, revealing his golden hair. The men rode back to the palace and told the king all that had happened.



The next day the king's daughter asked the gardener what had happened to his boy. "He is working in the garden, but what a strange fellow he is! He has been at the festival for three days and only returned yesterday evening. He showed my children three golden apples he claims to have won."

The king then summoned the youth who arrived still wearing his hat. But the princess went up to him and took off his hat. His golden hair tumbled down over his shoulders, and everyone was astonished to see how handsome he looked. "Are you the knight who came each day to the festival, dressed in different colours, who caught the golden apples?" asked the king. "Yes," replied the youth, "and here the apples are!" And he took them out of his pocket and gave them to the king. "What is more, if you should need further proof, I can show you the leg-wound your men gave me when they pursued me. And I am also the knight who helped defeat your enemy." The king was impressed. "If you can perform such deeds you are no mere gardener's boy. Tell me who your father is." "My father is a powerful king, and I have as much gold as I could wish for." "I see that I owe you a great debt of gratitude," said the king. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Yes," the prince answered. "Indeed there is. You can give me your daughter to be my wife." The princess laughed. "He certainly comes to the point quickly!" she said. "Nevertheless, I saw by his golden hair that he was no mere gardener's boy," and she gave him a hearty kiss.

The prince's mother and father came to the wedding, and were very happy to see their beloved son, for they had given up hope of finding him alive. And as they all sat at the marriage banquet, the musicians suddenly fell silent, the doors opened, and a magnificent king entered, followed by a great retinue of courtiers. Going up to the bridegroom the stranger embraced him and said, "I am Iron Hans. A wicked spell turned me into a wild man, but you have set me free. All my treasures shall henceforth be yours."



Six Companions Find Their Fortunes

There was once a man who was good at many things. He served as a soldier, bravely and well. But when the war was over, all he got was threepence.

"That's not good enough," he said. "You wait. If I can find the right people to help me, I'll make the king give me all his treasure one day."

Full of anger he walked into a wood. There he saw a fellow who had pulled six trees out of the ground just like that. "Will you be my servant and go with me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Strong, "but let me take this little bundle of sticks home to my mother first."

Strong wrapped another tree round his bundle, slung it over his shoulder and carried it off. Then he came back to his new master, who said:

"We should make our way in the world, the two of us together."



When they had gone a little way they met a hunter, who was down on one knee and aiming his gun.

"What are you going to shoot?" asked the master.

"I mean to shoot a fly sitting on the branch of an oak tree, two miles off."

"Come with me, Hunter," the man said. "We should make our way in the world, the three of us together."

The hunter was willing, and went with him.



They came to seven windmills whose sails were spinning round, though there was not a breath of wind and not a leaf stirring. The man said: "I don't know what is driving these windmills, with never a breeze stirring," and walked on with his servants.

When they had gone two miles they saw someone sitting up a tree, holding one nostril shut and blowing out of the other.

"What on earth are you doing up there?" asked the man.

"There are seven windmills two miles away. Look: I'm blowing to make them work."

"Come with me, Blow," said the man; "we should make our way in the world, the four of us together."

So Blow climbed down and went with them.



After a while they saw a fellow standing on one leg; he had taken off the other and put it beside him.

"You look very comfortable, resting on one leg like that," said the man.

"I am a runner, and I have unstrapped one leg so that I don't run too fast; if I run on both legs I am speedier than any bird."

"Come with me, Speed! We should make our way in the world, the five of us together."



Before long they met a man whose hat was stuck right over one ear. "That looks very odd," the master said to him. "It makes you look a simpleton, wearing your hat all to one side like that."

"I have to," said the other; "if I were to put my hat on straight it would start a terrible frost, and all the birds in the sky would freeze and fall dead to the ground."

"Come with me, Frost," said the man. "We should make our way in the world, the six of us together."



Now one day the six of them came to a town where the king had made it known that whoever ran a race against his daughter and won would become her husband, but whoever lost would lose his head also.

So the master presented himself, but said: "I would like my servant to run in my stead."

"Then his life too—both your heads—will have to be at stake," replied the king.

When this had been agreed, the master buckled on Speed's other leg and said to him: "Now be swift and help us to win!"



It was decided that the first to bring back water from a distant well would be the winner. Speed and the king's daughter were each given a pitcher and the race began.

In an instant, Speed had disappeared out of sight —it was as if the wind had whistled past. He got to the well in no time, filled his pitcher with water and turned back again.

But half-way home Speed was overcome with tiredness. He lay down with his pitcher beside him and went to sleep—though he used a horse's skull lying on the ground as a pillow, so that he would be uncomfortable and wake up again soon.

The king's daughter could run as fast as any ordinary human being. She too reached the well and started running back with her pitcher full of water. When she saw Speed lying asleep she was glad and said: "Now the enemy is in my hands." She emptied his pitcher and raced on.

It seemed that all was lost, but luckily Hunter had been watching up at the castle with his sharp eyes, and had seen everything.

"The king's daughter is not going to get the better of us," he said. So he loaded his gun and most skilfully shot the horse's skull from under Speed's head without harming him.



Speed woke up, jumped to his feet and saw his empty pitcher and the king's daughter, way, way ahead of him. But he did not lose heart. He raced back to the well with his pitcher, filled it up again—and got back to the start ten minutes before the king's daughter.

"Here we are," he said. "I really got up speed this time. What I did before can scarcely be called running!"

But it grieved the king, and his daughter even more, that she was to be carried off by a common ex-soldier. They took counsel together on how to get rid of him and his companions.

"I have found a way," the king said at last. "Do not fear. They shall never reach their homes again." And to them he said: "Now you shall eat, drink and be merry!"

He led them to a room which had an iron floor, iron doors and iron bars across the windows, and in it a table spread with the most delicious food.

"Go in," said the king, "and enjoy yourselves!"

And when they had gone inside, the doors were locked and bolted on them.



Now the king sent for his cook and ordered him to light a fire beneath the room and keep it burning till the iron was red-hot. The cook did so, and as the fire burned up, the six companions, sitting at the table, began to feel very warm. They thought it was because of the food, but as it grew hotter and hotter they tried to get out; and when they found the doors and windows were bolted, they realized that the king meant mischief and wanted to stifle them.

But Frost said: "He shall not succeed: *I'll* cause a frost that will shame the fire and make it creep away!" And he put his hat on straight.

At once it grew so bitterly cold that the heat simply vanished and the very food froze on their plates.

After an hour or two the king felt sure they must have perished in the heat, so he had the doors unlocked in order to see for himself. But as they swung open all six of them stood there together, hale and hearty. They would be pleased to come out and get warm, they said; the very food had frozen on their plates with the bitter chill inside!

Raging with fury, the king went down to scold his cook: "Why did you not do as I ordered?"

"There's plenty of heat here—you can see for yourself," the cook replied.

When the king saw the huge fire burning under the iron chamber, he knew that he could not get the better of the six companions like that.



Then the king tried another way to rid himself of his unwelcome guests. He called the master to him and said: "If you will renounce your right to my daughter's hand, you shall have as much gold as you want."

"Very well, Sire," said the master; "give me as much as my servant can carry and I will not demand your daughter." The king being satisfied, he went on: "I will come back in a fortnight to collect the gold."

Then he got together all the tailors in the kingdom and made them sit for fourteen days and sew a sack. When it was finished it was up to Strong to hoist it on his shoulder and carry it to the king.

"Who is this gigantic fellow carrying that bale of stuff the size of a house?" wondered the king. He was quite shaken. "Think of the gold *he* could carry off!" He had a ton of gold brought; it needed sixteen of his toughest men to carry it. But Strong picked it up with one hand, put it in the sack and said: "Hurry, bring me some more—this hardly covers the bottom!"

Bit by bit the king caused the whole of his treasure to be brought out. Strong pushed it all into the sack, which was still less than half full.

"More, more," he cried. "These few crumbs haven't filled it."

Seven thousand carts laden with gold had to be got together from all over the kingdom: Strong pushed every one into his sack—oxen and all. But there was still plenty of room.



At last Strong said: "Well, we've wasted enough time now, so tie up the sack, although it is not full." Then he hoisted it up on his back and went off with his companions.

It enraged the king to see one man carrying off the entire riches of his country! He got his horsemen to chase the six companions, with orders to remove the sack from Strong. Two regiments soon caught up with them, calling out: "You are prisoners! Put down the sack full of gold or you'll all be hacked to pieces!"

"What's that?" said Blow; "us — prisoners? Never! I'll make you dance in the air instead!" He closed one nostril, and with the other blew the two regiments of horse sky high, one man here, one there, up and over the mountains.

One good sergeant cried for mercy, and Blow eased off a little to let him come down without harm. Then he said to him: "Go back to your king and tell him to send as many horsemen as he likes; I will send them all flying."



When the king had received this message, he said: "Let them go, the rascals. They have won."

So the six companions took home their treasure, divided it among themselves, and lived happily ever after.




The Blue Lamp

A soldier had served the king of his country faithfully for many years. One day he was turned away without a word of thanks or a gold piece to put in his pocket. Setting off for home he wondered what he could do now since soldiering was all he knew.

As night was falling he came to the edge of a dark wood. His road led into it but he walked on unafraid. He had not gone far before he saw a light shining through the trees.



Soon the soldier came to a hut. When he knocked on the door an old woman opened it.

"Will you give me a night's lodging, a bite of food and a sup of milk?" he asked.

At first the old woman said no, but the soldier did not give up. Finally, she agreed to take him in if he would dig her garden for her next day.

When morning came she gave him a spade and he set to work. By the time the job was done it was evening once more.

The old woman wanted to send him away, but he begged very hard to be allowed to spend another night in her hut. Finally, she agreed that he might stay if he would chop up a whole cart-load of wood for her next day.

When morning came she gave him an axe and he set to work. By the time the job was done it was evening once more.

Again the old woman wanted to send him away, but again he begged very hard to be allowed to spend another night in her hut. Finally, the old woman agreed that he might stay. "But you must promise," she said, "that in the morning you will fetch me the blue lamp that burns at the bottom of my well."



In the morning the old woman took him to the well.

"Climb into my basket," she said, "and I will lower you down."

The soldier climbed into the basket and was soon at the bottom of the well. There he found the blue lamp. Getting back into the basket he tugged on the rope and the old woman began to haul him up. When he was almost at the top she stopped hauling and leant over the edge of the well.

"Hand me up the lamp," she said. "I can take care of it now."

When the soldier saw the look of greed on the old woman's face he realized that she was a witch. She will not hesitate to kill me once she has the lamp, he thought. "No," he said to her, "I shall not give you the lamp until I am safely out of the well."



When she heard this the witch was so furious that she let go of the rope which held the basket. In a moment, basket, soldier and blue lamp had crashed to the foot of the well.

As the soldier lay in the mud at the foot of the well he fully expected to die. But putting his hand in his pocket he found his pipe there still half full of tobacco. Even if I am going to die, he thought, that is no reason to waste good tobacco. So he lifted the blue lamp and took off its glass so that he could light his pipe. But no sooner had he lifted the glass than there came from the lamp a great puff of smoke. As the smoke cleared, it revealed a dwarf, mulberry-coloured from head to foot.

"What do you want of me?" the dwarf said to the soldier.

"Who are you?" asked the soldier.

"I am the servant of the blue lamp," answered the dwarf. "Whoever has the blue lamp is my master, so I am at your service."

"If you are my servant, then get me out of this well," said the soldier.

It was no sooner said than done. The dwarf took him by the hand and they were standing on the grass by the top of the well.



The soldier looked round and saw the witch.

"There is another favour you can do me," he said to the dwarf. "Let the cat run off with that old woman."

Again, it was no sooner said than done.

As the cat disappeared from sight with the old woman on its back, the soldier and the dwarf entered her hut. Hidden in a corner the soldier found a hoard of silver and gold and began to fill his pockets.

"If ever you need me," said the dwarf, "you have only to lift the glass from the lamp and I shall be with you."

Delighted with his good fortune the soldier went on his way. In the first town he came to he ordered himself some fine new clothes and engaged the largest room in the best inn. Then he lifted the glass from the blue lamp and the dwarf appeared.

"I served the king faithfully," said the soldier, "and he turned me away penniless. Now I intend to show him who is master. Bring his daughter here to wait on me this evening as I eat my meal."

"That is a dangerous trick to play," said the dwarf, "but what you ask shall be done."



In a few moments the dwarf was back in the soldier's room with the princess on his shoulder sound asleep just as he had found her in her bed.

All evening she waited upon the soldier and cleaned his room. Then again she slept and the dwarf carried her back in a moment to her bed in the palace.

"That was a strange dream I had," she said next morning to her father, the king.

"What did you dream?" he asked.

"I dreamt," said the princess, "that I was carried off in the night to a room of an inn. There was a soldier in the room and all evening I fetched and carried for him as his servant."



"We must see if you were really dreaming," said the king. Then he told the princess to make a little hole in her pocket. "Fill that pocket with peas," he said. "If you are taken anywhere, the peas will fall out as you pass through the streets. We shall know where you have been taken by following the trail of peas."

But the dwarf heard what the king said. So, before he fetched the princess that evening, he scattered peas around half the streets of the town.

Next day the people wondered where all the peas had come from, and happily collected them.

Then the princess told the king that she had had the same dream again, and he saw that the peas had gone from her pocket. But no one could tell where she had been.

"Tonight," said the king, "you must have a shoe with you in your pocket and hide it in the room to which you are taken."

Again the dwarf overheard what was said. When the soldier asked him to fetch the princess that evening, the dwarf warned him of his danger. "The king's men will find you," he said, "and if they do, then I cannot help you."

But the soldier would not listen.

Then the dwarf left him, saying, "If you rise before dawn perhaps you can be clear of the town before they start looking for you."

That night the princess took a shoe in her pocket and hid it in the room to which the dwarf brought her.

Next morning she told the king that she had had the dream a third time. The king looked in her pocket and the shoe was no longer there. "Send my guards to search the town," he ordered. At last the shoe was found in the soldier's room.



The soldier had run away before dawn, but the king's guards pursued and caught him.

In prison the soldier realized that, in his hurry to escape, he had left the blue lamp behind in his room. What was almost as bad, he had left all his gold there as well. The lamp and the money were tied together in a bundle, and all he had in his pocket was a single ducat.

Looking out of the prison window the soldier saw a comrade walking past and called to him. "Friend," he said, "if you will bring me the bundle you will find in my room at the inn on the hill you can have this ducat."

Soon his comrade returned with the bundle. At once the soldier unwrapped it, lifted the glass from the blue lamp and the dwarf appeared.

"You will be taken to court and tried," said the dwarf. "But have no fear. Only remember to take the blue lamp with you."

In due time the soldier was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged immediately on the gallows in the public square outside the prison.



As the guards were leading the soldier out to be hanged he asked the king for a favour.

"What is it?" said the king.

"Your majesty, I should like to smoke a last pipe before I die," said the soldier.

"Smoke more than one if you wish," said the king, "but you will still hang in the end."

The king laughed; the soldier lifted the glass from the blue lamp and the dwarf appeared.

"What do you want of me?" asked the dwarf.

"I want you to kill or drive away all these people who have been trying to kill me," said the soldier. "As for this ungrateful king, for all I care you may chop him in pieces."

Then the dwarf laid about him till the king's guards had all either been killed or driven off.

But the king fell on his knees and begged for mercy. "Only let me live," he cried, "and you shall marry my daughter. Then the kingdom will be yours when I die."

So the soldier spared the king and married the princess, and never again was he parted from the blue lamp.





An attractive gift-book edition of three wonderfully improbable and magical stories by the Brothers Grimm — Iron Hans, Six Companions Find Their Fortunes, and The Blue Lamp. These fairytales are dramatically illustrated with glowing pictures by Lilo Fromm whose two previous books published by Dent, Harry, the Little Hare and Snow-white and Rose-red, proved so popular.

£5.95
Net UK price

ISBN 0 460 06192 5

T2-DHX-832